

THE LIBERATOR.  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,  
AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, 25, CORNHILL.  
HENRY W. WILLIAMS, GENERAL AGENT.

All remittances are to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to be directed, (*post paid*), to the General Agent.  
TERMS.—\$2 50 per annum, payable in advance; or \$3 00 at the expiration of six months.  
Five copies will be sent to one address for ten dollars, if payment be forwarded in advance.  
ADVERTISEMENTS making less than a square meter three times for 75 cts.; one square for \$1 00.  
Financial Committee.—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELLIS, GEORGE LORING, EDWARD QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILIBERT, WENDELL PHILLIPS. [This committee is responsible only for the financial economy of the paper.]

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

VOL. XV.—NO. 32.

THE LIBERATOR,  
SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PORTLAND A. S. SOCIETY.

PORTLAND, July 4th, 1845.

FRIENDS.—We lay before you the second annual report of the Board of Managers of the Portland A. S. Society. Since our last annual meeting, events have transpired which some may think calculated to fill us with despondency, and cause us almost to despair of success. Let all such be assured that not the slightest feeling of discouragement finds a lodgment in our hearts. While the obstacles thrown in our way have, in character, most unchristian and oppressive, they have not only served to add numbers to our ranks, but have inspired us with a fresh zeal for the promotion of our cause to a triumphant issue: with an unflinching determination to subdue not one jot of the vigor of our assaults upon the vicious system of Slavery, till the grim walls of her fortresses are levelled to the dust, and the spotless banner of Liberty wave gloriously above its mouldering ruins!

During the past year, we have had addresses from M. Garrison, Remond, Douglass, Clapp, Foster, and Spear. Some of our meetings have been remarkably interesting: the most conspicuous among them stands the Convention of October last, at which M. Garrison, Remond and Clapp were present. Seldom, we venture to say, has Truth had a warmer encounter with error, and never has her victory been more complete and glorious. Through every session, from the lips of her apostles, the golden and vivifying stream of truth gushed forth in ceaseless and overwhelming torrent, into the thirsty and famishing hearts of the people. Since the above named convention, we have been unable to procure either of the halls owned by the city, for anti-slavery purposes, though they have been granted to the political abolitionists, because, perhaps, they may in an emergency favor the ruling party.

The circumstances respecting the denial of the public halls to those citizens known as 'old organized abolitionists,' are worthy of more than a passing notice. We cannot, however, regard the conduct of the city government as forming any new development of character in the history of pro-slavery. There are still some places where the abolitionists, of the consistent and thorough-going stamp, do not seem to be regarded as possessing the common rights of citizenship, and among them we blush to name the beautiful and charming city of Portland. It is sad to think that where lavish Nature has done so much to adorn, some scoundrels should have done so little to christianize. We shall be born out by the most indubitable facts, and the settled conviction of every honest mind, when we say that seldom, if ever, have we obtained either of the city halls from a sense of justice on the part of our rulers; indeed, only not to actually mob us, not to deny us our clear and indisputable rights as men, and as members of the community; not to thrust us from our own halls—halls which our money contributed to build, and which we are taxed to keep in repair; in fine, not to heap upon us every imaginable outrage, is thought to be wonderfully magnanimous! It was, perhaps, little more than a burst of personal animosity than theoculars of a vindictive public feeling, when a certain individual, who talks largely of 'liberty and woman's right,' in the heat of his assault upon Mr. Garrison, said through him upon our common cause, said that 'the abolitionists exist by the mere sufferance of the community. If it were in my power to prevent it, they should not have a hall, a room, or a street in the city.'

The mayor, in his official conduct with this society, has made distinctions and perpetrated wrongs, which had been done against the Whig or Democratic party, would have cost him his official life. One fact alone is sufficient to convince any impartial mind that our charge, though severe, is not ill-founded. On requesting the use of the city hall for an anti-slavery convention, prior to the one in October, we were told by that functionary, that we could have it only on the condition that we would pay for it, should he have an opportunity in the mean time of otherwise letting it. Unjust as the demand most manifestly was, we complied, after vainly remonstrating, rather than have no convenient place for our meeting. Never before has any mayor of this city so violated all justice and all precedent, and his sacred *oath and obligation* of impartiality, as to tax the citizens for the use of their own hall, for a *free meeting*; and we feel perfectly justified in saying, that it would not have been done to any other society. Let it be remembered, that we always speak of the mayor solely in his *official capacity*. While we find so much reason to complain of his public acts, we are willing to accord to Mr. Greely many excellent qualities as a man. His is not the first instance on record, where the character of the magistrate and that of the citizen have been quite dissimilar, though sustained by the same person.

At the October meeting before referred to, the mayor was told that we expected M. Garrison and others; we did not, for we could not, particularize. The day arrived, and brought to us our friends Garrison, Remond and Clapp. In the midst of the first session, the President of the Society received the following note:

Mr. OLIVER DENNET:  
The handbill posted up this morning, giving notice of the anti-slavery convention to be held in the city hall, presents a list of the names of persons who were to address the convention. You represented to me that Mr. W. L. Garrison and one other gentleman, I think a Mr. Phillips, was [were] the only persons who were to address the con. Under all the circumstances of the case, as they present themselves to my mind, I am compelled to notify you, and I do hereby notify you, that the city hall cannot be occupied for an anti-slavery con. this evening.

Respectfully yours,  
ELIJAH GREELEY, Mayor.  
As much as we had suffered from pro-slavery malice, and as much as we had seen of its private and official perfidy and cowardice, we must confess that this fresh act of persecution and injustice was unexpected and surprising. Had we been promptly paid the use of the hall at first, or requested to pay for the use of it, it would have all been in course of pro-slavery honor and honesty; for such treatment is often practised upon the friends of the slave. But granting us the hall, and after we had peaceably assembled, to then eject us from it, on the frivolous pretence that some were to address the meeting of whose expected or unexpected presence the mayor was not previously informed, might well surprise us, even in pro-slavery Portland. He does not condescend to tell us, as it may be seen, who those horrible fellows were, whose presence created such a panic in his breast, nor does he specify the character of their



OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD--OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1845.

WHOLE NO. 780.

All men are born free and equal—with certain natural, essential and unalienable rights—among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Three millions of the American people are in chains and slavery—held as chattel personal, and bought and sold as marketable commodities.

Immediate, Unconditional Emancipation.

Slave-holders, Slave-traders and Slave-drivers are to be placed on the same level of infamy, and in the same fiendish category, as kidnappers and men-stealers—a race of monsters unparalleled in their assumption of power, and their despotic cruelty.

The existing Constitution of the United States is a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell. NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

J. BROWN YERRINTON, PRINTER.

From the Providence Journal.

GRAPHIC PICTURE OF LIFE IN TEXAS.

Desirous to see the representatives of its sovereignty and the capital of the Republic, we proceeded to Washington on the Brazos. We entered a small village of rather mean houses, mostly log cabins containing some five or six hundred inhabitants. We found lodgings at the principal hotel, which embraced a bar-room, a long unplastered eating-room, and a kitchen on the ground floor; and at night we were ushered into a large unfinished garret, where one could lay and study the art and mystery of building, by contemplating the naked beams and rafters, and their relations and proportions to each other; and, if at all curious in such matters, he could have counted the rows of shingles necessary to cover a roof of like dimensions.

At one end was a window sufficient to betray the approach of day-light. Here we bedded quite promiscuously, with about twenty inmates of the house, some of whom we discovered before morning, some most voracious snorers, and others regular subjects of the night-mare. We were reconciled to our accommodations by the reflection that we were occupying the places left vacant by the magnates of the land.

In the morning, we went forth to view the Legislative Halls and Public Offices. The Representatives' Hall we found to be an unfinished loft over a drinking shop, in a frame building 50 feet by 20. After the adjournment of Congress, which occurred a few days previous, it was taken possession of by the Treasury department, and at the time of our visit it was divided into various compartments by screens of unbleached factory-cloth stretched across in various directions; and by the side of the passage into each division was pinned to a cloth a label, on which was written, 'The Treasurer's Office'—'Auditor's Office,' &c. Having examined this structure and reflecting to ourselves that, though less imposing in its architecture and finish, it had resounded with tones as grandiloquent, and speeches as bumptious as those of the Brazos, we entered the Senate Chamber, which we found some three hundred yards off, over a grocery in a small building, rather in the decline of its being, on which no very great expenditure for pain had ever been made. The Chamber, 15 by 20 feet, unfinished, though a few gallons of whitewash had apparently been spread by no very practical hands, over the rough board ceiling, was rented for the session at the extravagant national expenditure of \$3 per week. A flight of steps, which displayed no great expenditure in their construction, nor of artistic skill in ornament, ran from the street on the exterior of the building to a platform from which a door opened into the Senate Chamber, which spared their Honors the necessity of entering the august assembly through a dirty drug shop.

We next proceeded to the War Department, which we found to be a low, 16 by 18 feet log cabin, blessed with but one glazed window. It was divided into two partitions; the front one containing an old chair and a simple looking bed for a single gentleman, which at the moment of our entrance, a black boy was giving its usual morning airing. The rear apartment, where we found the Secretary, was occupied, besides his Honor, by a small pine table, three old chairs, and a handkerchief full of papers; the chairs being just equal in number to our party, the Secretary politely took his seat on the corner of the table; and though not elegant, things seemed quite comfortable and convenient; six panes of 8 by 10 glass admitted considerable light from the west, and the room was sufficiently luminous to see and read with out any very great tax on the powers of vision—a bright fire was blazing in the chimney, and a 'smart' effort had evidently been made to chink up the worst crevices in the logs, both on the out and inside with mud, to protect the inmates against a 'Norther.' The rear apartment, where we found the Secretary, was occupied, besides his Honor, by a small pine table, three old chairs, and a handkerchief full of papers; the chairs being just equal in number to our party, the Secretary politely took his seat on the corner of the table; and though not elegant, things seemed quite comfortable and convenient; six panes of 8 by 10 glass admitted considerable light from the west, and the room was sufficiently luminous to see and read with out any very great tax on the powers of vision—a bright fire was blazing in the chimney, and a 'smart' effort had evidently been made to chink up the worst crevices in the logs, both on the out and inside with mud, to protect the inmates against a 'Norther.'

The Cincinnati Herald has obtained from an authentic source, further particulars of this most horrible outrage.

The poor fellow was murdered by a gang of drunken ruffians, in the presence of two hundred people—multitudinous voices exclaiming at the time, 'Kill the d—d nigger, kill him.' They beat him after he was dead. And as he lay with the blood bubbling round him, the cry arose for more blood. The niggers are getting too cursed thick, and they ought to be thinned out—I would as live kill a nigger as an ox—Dann man—I wish every one was shot, and the Abolitionists too—were the exclamation which broke from their infuriate lips. No effort was made to stay the mob, though at any moment there was enough of good society to arrest the violence. In about two hours, one of the murderers was seized. Another remained in town 24 hours after the deed, when, a warrant being issued, he slipped off.

When the first arrest was made, the crowd was pressing the Post Office, one of them, a member of the City Council, brutally assaulted De Puy, the amiable editor of the Indiana Freeman, who abandoned his party last fall, because of the conduct of the wicked. He dares to disown the deeds of the wicked! He dares to disown as brethren those whose skin, fortunately, is not colored like his own, and in true slaveholding race, says that God has made them to be a distinct race, and that they must be 'kept in their place.' Their natural, constitutional and legal rights are nothing in his eyes, and he would have them trampled under foot by the very men who swear to uphold the constitution and the laws! He professes to be shocked at the possibility of amalgamation of two races, when God intended they should ever be distinct. There is as much propriety in negroes marrying with the orang-outang, as there is of the matrimonial amalgamation of the Saxon and the negro races; and motley schools are the forerunners and producers of such amalgamation. Let, then, such mixing be avoided in our cities, where it can easily be done. Give the negro his liberty, but KEEP HIM IN HIS PLACE.

In the whole compass of Billingsgate slang, can any thing be found, we ask, to surpass the paragraph we have just quoted? Its author is the Reverend T. F. Norris, a principal luminary in the firmament of Odd Fellowship, a Protestant Methodist reformer, and an ambassador of Christ (!) by profession! If there be, on either side of the Atlantic, a more vulgar and shameless despiser of an afflicted and down-trodden people—a more detestable 'wolf in sheep's clothing,'—more consummate blackguard—a greater dastard—a worse hypocrite—or a more impious pretender—he must be among those who 'surpass the deeds of the wicked.' He dares to disown as brethren those whose skin, fortunately, is not colored like his own, and in true slaveholding race, says that God has made them to be a distinct race, and that they must be 'kept in their place.' Their natural, constitutional and legal rights are nothing in his eyes, and he would have them trampled under foot by the very men who swear to uphold the constitution and the laws! He professes to be shocked at the possibility of amalgamation of two races, when God intended they should ever be distinct. There is as much propriety in negroes marrying with the orang-outang, as there is of the matrimonial amalgamation of the Saxon and the negro races; and motley schools are the forerunners and producers of such amalgamation. Let, then, such mixing be avoided in our cities, where it can easily be done. Give the negro his liberty, but KEEP HIM IN HIS PLACE.

In the whole compass of Billingsgate slang, can any thing be found, we ask, to surpass the paragraph we have just quoted? Its author is the Reverend T. F. Norris, a principal luminary in the firmament of Odd Fellowship, a Protestant Methodist reformer, and an ambassador of Christ (!) by profession! If there be, on either side of the Atlantic, a more vulgar and shameless despiser of an afflicted and down-trodden people—a more detestable 'wolf in sheep's clothing,'—more consummate blackguard—a greater dastard—a worse hypocrite—or a more impious pretender—he must be among those who 'surpass the deeds of the wicked.'

He is so strange, so mortifying, so gross an offence against justice—a minister of Jesus Christ, a professed Anti-Slavery man, too, interposing to prevent the exposure of an act of infernal atrocity, and the denunciation of conduct on the part of respectable citizens, utterly disgraceful—that we would not believe it were it not for the character of our informant.

Let De Puy stand his ground. He has friends out of Indianapolis, if he has none in it. The time will yet come, when some of the discreet men there will think even him a respectable man, as those now, who are not fair-weather friends, deem him a noble-spirited one.

A STUDY FROM NATURE. The beautiful statue of 'The Greek Slave' by Mr. Powers, has excited such universal admiration, that a companion to it, we understand, will shortly be exhibited by the same artist, under the title of 'THE AMERICAN SLAVE.' It is the figure of a negro, with his hands fastened with a chain, on a manacle of which is cut the American Eagle. Round his back are fastened the national flag, on which the stripes are conspicuously displayed. The cringing attitude of the figure is most wonderfully depicted, but the statue is most to be admired for its powerful truth and unaffected simplicity. We have been assured by gentlemen, who have had frequent opportunities of judging by frequent visits to the Land of Liberty, that they have never seen any thing so wonderfully true to nature.—London Punch.

Rev. J. G. FEE proposes a Convention in Kentucky to take measures to bring about, by peaceful and constitutional means, the emancipation of that State from slavery, and Cassius M. Clay suggests that it be held on the 4th of July, 1846. 'In the mean time,' says Mr. Clay, 'we advise the publication of a paper in Louisville, to be owned and conducted exclusively by non-slaveholding and laboring men.'

That is the way our cause is 'dying away.'

\* Rev. Mr. Dwight. † Rev. Mr. Condit.  
‡ Rev. Mr. Webber.

From the National A. S. Standard  
LETTER FROM ISAAC S. FLINT.  
COOPERSTOWN, July 9th, 1845.

**FRIEND GAY:** I have been surprised at the general ignorance to the doctrines of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which prevails throughout northeastern New-York. In neighborhoods where Liberty patriotism has been preached for years, I have found the people seemingly ignorant that a great moral movement is in progress, which teaches that slavery is not to be supported in the name of the "Union" any more than in political parties. When the rallying cry, of "No union with Slaveholders," was first raised, I was slow to adopt it, doubting even if it were universally applicable to the wants of the cause. But one year's anti-slavery experience has taught me that no watchword carries such terror into the trembling hosts of slavery as this. Nothing startles the pro-slavery religion and policies of this guilty land like the earnest, consistent cry of "No union with Slaveholders," either in Church or State. It uncovers the fox, drives him from his hiding-places, and compels him to bathe under his own colors. It shows the world, who and what are his friends; how the religion of the land takes up the cudgel in his defense; distorting the Word of God in his favor; thus showing their infidelity to that word; and how the self-styled democracy, at the beck of a false religion, labors to perpetuate the curse of slavery. In short, the direct issue seen and known of all men. Pro-slavery religion has always felt, that men, who denounce man-stealing as a sin under all circumstances, and yet continue to give Christian fellowship to a man-stealing church, are not sincere; and so politicians will not begin to feel the force of our denunciations until they are accompanied by honest lives. Certainly not while we annually re-create a slaveholding government and Constitution by our votes.

But to me, the most encouraging sign of the times, is the fact that the church is fast loosing its influence over the community, which is shown by the dearth of religious revivals. All must have observed that revivals among the churches are far more seldom than formerly, and that the character of the converts is not such as gives credit to the church. Let us rejoice then in this fruit of our labors, and continue to preach fearlessly. "Naumon with Slaveholders," and we have not increased the tragic influence that binds men to a slaveholding church and clergy, and a corrupt government. Do the true followers of Jesus Christ feel sad at the waning power of the church? No, only those who are making merchandise of Christ in the person of the poor slave. And who do not rejoice that the clergy are losing their power to lead men astray? Slaveholders. Who howl and wail at the thought of dissolution? Men-stealers, women-whippers, and their abettors North and South. They feel that if virtuous men withdraw their countenance and support from a corrupt church and government, that the days of their oppressions and tyrannies are numbered. It is peculiarly instructive to witness the twistings and contortions of slavery, wounded, and seeking refuge among the pulpit, and behind the Constitution of the country. Surely the friends of the slave have greater cause for rejoicing at the prospect of his deliverance, than at any previous time. For never before did the monster oppression give such unequivocal signs of feeling the assaults of Truth.

Yours, for Freedom's sake,  
ISAAC S. FLINT.

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

THE UNION.

We have placed on our first page an extract from a letter of the learned blacksmith to the recent Liberty party Convention at Cincinnati, which contains much more poetry than truth. We have seldom read any thing which so greatly excites the American Union; it seems to us as though such *trap eloquence* would better become the glory-intoxicated orator of the 4th of July, or the newly-pledged hating of the debating school, than a man who possesses the common sense which we have always believed Elihu Burritt had. It may do to gull the unthinking portion of the people, and stamp upon Liberty party that patriotism whose creed may be written in the language of one of its leaders, Alvan Stewart, of New-York—"Slavery in, or slavery out, Texas in, or Texas out, the Union forever!" We are, however, satisfied that the intelligent and the reflecting part of the community will not be trapped by it, for although they may not attempt to calculate the value of *selection*, or the extent of *infinity*, yet they have calculated the value of the American Union, and measured the extent of its blessings, and the result may be stated as follows: to the slave claimant power, to oppress and despoil—to the slave of the South, cruelty indescribable, suffering and woe inconceivable, crushed hopes, blighted affections, intellect destroyed and a fettered soul—to the North, insult and degradation, the right to be plundered, and the right to be whipped.

Should these results be regarded as a cause for thanksgiving and glorification? God grant that the entire American people may never become as contented and happy in their chains as we are told, are some of the southern slaves, dancing and singing in the hour of their deepest degradation, and keeping the hand that despoiled them of their manhood: God grant that instead of regarding the American Union as "the Isaacs of the race in which all nations should be blessed," they may know of a surety that it is an *Esau*, who has sold his birthright for a mess of porridge.

CREDITABLE.

The Plymouth (Old Colony) Memorial, a Whig paper, alluding to the profligate toast given by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, at the Fourth of July celebration in Faneuil Hall,—hauling Texas as "another star added to the Union," (?) and insisting on the duty supporting an indefinite extension of territory, however obtained,—manfully dissent as follows:

If this toast is correctly reported it seems to carry the duty of patriotism to a most unlimited extent. We certainly do not recognize the obligation of "cherishing in our hearts," or "defending by our hands," whatever additions fraud, robbery, and political profiteering, may make to our territory. There are bounds to patriotism, and that word has no magic now-a-days to hurry people into the support of every scheme which the miserable land-stealing and slave-breeding speculators who infest the land may devise and carry forward. The language of this toast would require us equally with Texas, to "cherish and defend" the robbery of Mexico and California, and of any territory upon which slavery may find it convenient to lay its hands.

This is not our doctrine, and we trust is not yet Whig doctrine. The Whig party, the Massachusetts Whigs, certainly have declared through the late Presidential contest that the annexation of Texas was unconstitutional; was dangerous to the peace and harmony of the Union; was base and perfidious towards Mexico, and was disgraceful in the eyes of the civilized world, as its main or sole object was to extend and perpetuate slavery and the slave power, and to give that power an undue control in the councils of the nation. Under such circumstances we expect that any Faneuil Hall Whig should in anticipation of this addition of another star to the Union, make occasion to pledge in advance his aid in "cherishing and defending" so disgraceful an acquisition.

It seems to us that a country "however bounded or otherwise described" is very much like no country at all; and patriotic feelings about defence of country on the last 4th of July were somewhat vague and uncertain, for it was then and is still a problem how large a part of Mexico the limits of Texas may include, or we may annex? Perhaps southern chivalry may think it expedient immediately to re-visit the hills of the Montezumas?

It is very awkward work to celebrate the Declaration of Independence and the Annexation of Texas as the same day.

SUSPICIOUS.—The Cincinnati Herald remarks—The pro-slavery papers are especially grieved at the agitation of the slavery question in the churches, and they agonize vehemently over the disruption of the Methodist and Baptist churches. The sin of schism looms up in their imagination as huge and monstrous as Satan when he reared his ponderous form from the burning lake. Charity, sweet Charity they plead for, as if every fibre in their composition was thrilling with unutterable love for the human race. What's the matter? Why this sudden paroxysm of devotion, this unwonted concern for the welfare of the church? Ah—they know full well that the bulwarks of slavery are the American churches, and that, when their sanction is withdrawn from the evil, politicians can no longer shelter themselves behind Doctors of Divinity.

"Let all those who do not mean to fight the battles of slavery, and who execrate a slaveholding alliance, sign and circulate the following Pledge—

DIS UNION PLEDGE.

THE LIBERATOR.

BOSTON, AUGUST 2, 1845.

THE JUBILEE.

We gladly devote a very large portion of our inner form to descriptions of the celebration of the glorious First of August in various parts of the Commonwealth. Every thing seems to have conspired to render the day, its associations and proceedings, in the highest degree pleasurable and profitable to the combined military and naval power of the country, if needed in any emergency; and that a slaveholding oligarchy, created by allowing three-fifths of the whole slave population to be represented as property by their masters, should be allowed a place in Congress;—

Therefore, regarding that Constitution as a covenant with death and an agreement with hell, the mighty prop that sustains the entire slave system, we, the undersigned, to signify our abhorrence of injustice and oppression, and to clear our skirts from innocent blood, do hereby pledge ourselves not to elect, or in any way aid or countenance the election of any candidate for any office, the entrance upon which requires an oath or affirmation to support the Constitution of the United States; but in all suitable ways to strive for the peaceful dissolution of the Union, as the most consistent, feasible and efficient means of abolishing Slavery.

ANTI-SLAVERY PEACE PLEDGE.

We, the undersigned, hereby solemnly pledge ourselves not to countenance or aid the United States Government in any war which may be occasioned by the annexation of Texas, or in any other war, foreign or domestic, designed to strengthen or perpetuate slavery.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We find in the Kentucky Christian Intelligencer the following extract from a 4th of July speech by R. F. Bradley, in that State, the last month. It is but one of the strong indications of the abolition movement in that State:

There is another evil, darker still, and a deeper sin resting upon and corroding our body politic. What spot is that, which, above the rest, so dins and blackens our sphere? Is slavery, domestic slavery—a plague spot—a gangrenous sore upon our system, threatening it with the most loathsome and terrible dissolution? Tell me not that slavery is right. Bow! into other ears, ye demagogues who plead the justice of slavery. I appeal to my own soul, implanted by the God of nature; it answers, "Slavery is death!"

I appeal to our Declaration of Independence, proclaiming equal and inalienable rights; I appeal to our illustrious sires, heroes of the revolution; to Washington, Jefferson and Franklin I appeal; they answer, "Slavery is worse than death!"

I appeal to the great God of the universe, the God of man; through all his works he proclaims, "Freedom is the birthright of man!"

Men of Kentucky, free born men, men of free born sires, to you I appeal! Is slavery right? Every instant of your noble hearts beats, "No! No!" Enough, enough—slavery is wrong, liberty is right. Shall we then pursue the wrong? Shall we still rive the chain of the slave? Does not the spirit of our bleeding sires still exist in our midst, and animate our souls? Does not their blood, shed upon a thousand fields in the cause of freedom, bid us loose the chain of slavery? Yes,

"They never fail who die in a great cause; the block may soak their gore; Their bodies may stink in the sun; Be strong to city gates and castle walls—But still their spirits walk abroad."

Yes, the spirits of Washington and of Jefferson still walk abroad and breathe in our midst, animating their true and noble sons in their cause; and soon shall that dark spot, slavery, which has so long dimmed and blackened our glorious banner, be blotted out, and the stars and the stripes, unchanged, wave triumphantly over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

In a powerful reply to an assailant, Casius M. Clay, in his True American, says—

If God has visited upon us and ours the sins of our fathers and our own, in maintaining a soul-dead system, if there is an open spirit agency in this matter at all,—it is a warning, deep and indelible, which bids us with an energy which seems to men after all, fanatical, to cry aloud in death, that our land may be freed from its great and damning sin, and slavery in these United States may be blotted out forever! When we shall be called up 'in the presence of God to meet the soul of Emely' and other perishing millions, and it shall be asked of us, what did you for these lost spirits, crushed by the despotism of slavery, from the sight of the word of life, and eternal happiness? we shall answer: We were born in wealth—in the cause of liberty we laid it down! We were as other men, fond of ease and pleasure—but we rested never whilst the bonds of these millions of blacks and whites were unbroken! We were ambitious, we would not willingly lie down in death like the beasts, and be forgotten—our prospects were flattering—honor and place—the sparkling bowl was at our lips, but it was drugged with pernicious slavery—full of the tears and sighs, and blood of our fellow-men—and we dashed it to the earth—we were strengthened in the social circle—distrusted in our own blood—spurned by our own relations—we were reviled on all hands—brow beat by the wise and great—avoided by the professed followers of Christ—a by-word among men—slandered and fear—plundered in our out-houses, and in our dwelling by midnight robbers—circumscribed in our business—secretly and openly threatened with mobs, set on again and again by hired assassins—and at last found treason and poison, and death in our own house!—and yet we have kept the faith—were ready, if necessary, to lay down our life for the destruction of slavery and the liberty of the down-trodden millions of our country! To these charges, then, we plead not guilty—but here and hereafter!

We supported Garrison and his friends, because we believe that right is ever in the long run expedient—because we love justice more than power, and fear God more than men. This man's letter will, before the American people, prove that slaveholding fanaticism is worse than anti-slavery fanaticism, and that we spoke but now proven truth when we said that Garrison is a better—infinitely better man than Thomas Metcalf.

PLEASING INTELLIGENCE.—We have just been informed of an interesting fact calculated to encourage abolitionists in faithful and affectionate labor with slaveholders, with whom they may occasionally mingle.

A slaveholder who visited this city last summer, to attend to some business, while here became acquainted with, and received some attention from a few of our friends, who, in their intercourse with him, urged his consideration of the subject of slavery, and discussed it with him at some length. A letter was received from him this week says, "I am no longer a slaveholder." We do not recollect the name of his slaves, who have thus been liberated. His letter is quite interesting; we hope to be able to give some extracts from it.—*Perse. Freeman.*

THE ADVANTAGE OF LIVING IN A FREE COUNTRY.—We send a letter yesterday from Jacob Conklin, a free man of color, written from the Jail at Belleville, St. Clair County, Illinois, and addressed to a gentleman at Oyster Bay, L. I., in which the writer said that he was held in confinement and liable to be sold under the laws of the State of Illinois, under evidence of his freedom could be forwarded from Oyster Bay, the place of his nativity, where his mother and other relatives are now living. We understand that the man is known to many of the citizens of Oyster Bay, although he has been absent ten years, and that an affidavit from Vice-Chancellor McConaughy, with other evidences of his freedom, will be immediately forwarded. We had understood that Illinois was a free State, and possibly this man may have misunderstood the grounds on which he was detained in prison. Will some one tell us whether, in the present "Democratic" enlargement of the area of freedom, Illinois has by some means become a slaveholding State? This is certainly a great country, where a man, not on account of his vices, but of the complexion given him by his Maker, is presumed to be a slave till he can prove that he was born in accordance with the Declaration of Independence and the Annexation of Texas as the same day.

SUSPICIOUS.—The Cincinnati Herald remarks—The pro-slavery papers are especially grieved at the agitation of the slavery question in the churches, and they agonize vehemently over the disruption of the Methodist and Baptist churches. The sin of schism looms up in their imagination as huge and monstrous as Satan when he reared his ponderous form from the burning lake. Charity, sweet Charity they plead for, as if every fibre in their composition was thrilling with unutterable love for the human race. What's the matter? Why this sudden paroxysm of devotion, this unwonted concern for the welfare of the church? Ah—

they know full well that the bulwarks of slavery are the American churches, and that, when their sanction is withdrawn from the evil, politicians can no longer shelter themselves behind Doctors of Divinity.—*V. Y. Tribune.*

THE LIBERATOR.

convened, being unable to bear the sight of even a *soft* faithful testimony against oppression.

The meeting was organized by the choice of Francis Jackson, Esq. as chairman, and after a few pleasant preliminary remarks, he introduced to the audience the Rev. Caleb Stetson, of Medford.

Mr. Stetson, after remarking that the brilliancy of the day formed a happy coincidence with the work of diffusing light and truth, in which the abolitionists are engaged, he proceeded to say:

We are met to celebrate the emancipation of 800,000 human beings from slavery in the British West Indies. We wish to know the exact results of that emancipation. Not that any possible results could prove that act to be wrong, unwise. It was founded on principle. It was a practical statement of truth and justice. Whatever temporary disadvantages to particular classes may have followed it, are fairly attributable to the antecedent degradation and oppression of one class, and the haughtiness and cruelty of the other. But whatever ill results may come from it, right should be done; and the sooner absolute right is proclaimed and practised in fundamental matters, the sooner such apparent ill results will disappear, and practical advantage in minute and details, will show itself the natural fruit of good principles.

The procession formed at the town hall, Dedham, and was composed of the abolitionists of Norfolk county, with their sympathizing friends. The banners were inscribed as follows:

1st. "Shall a republic be less free than a monarchy?"

2d. "Shall the United States, the free United States, cradle the bondage that a king has abolished?"

3d. "Chas. Follen.

4d. "Kentucky shall be free!"

5d. "Let your Discretion be Valor."

6th. "The Union. We will yield every thing to it but LIBERTY, TRUTH and HONOR. These we will never yield."

7th. "Right onward!"

8th. "W Roxbury. "He hath Sent me to preach deliverance to the captive."

9th. Dorchester Anti-Slavery Society—1835. (Presented by Richard Clapp, of blue silk, with gold bunting.)

10th. "Right makes Might."

On arrival at the grove, the meeting was organized by the appointment of William Lloyd Garrison as President of the Day, and Richard Clapp and Edwin Thompson as Vice-Presidents. Wm. F. Atkinson, Frederick S. Cabot, and Maria W. Chapman, were appointed Secretaries.

Appropriate portions of scripture were read by Mr. Garrison.

Mr. Thompson's speech was characterized by the quaint mingling of his humorous style and religious spirit. Slavery, he said, must go down in the United States, as it had done in the British West Indies, and he appealed to sacred history in proof. "Our meetings have been often interrupted," he said; "but a short time ago, I read of one that was clamored down, the mob making a noise of an hour, steadily—But the opposition was hotter at Ephesus, when Paul preached there against the great idol of *that* state. They called out there, three times as long, Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—about the space of three hours. But it did not help her—*all* that hallooing. She is now about as small a concern as you can think of; while he who proclaimed that all nations are of one blood, is honored as an apostle, and revered as a saint. And still that principle, which would turn the world upside down where it is wrong side up, is going on triumphantly, and will, er long, abolish slavery. He took leave to refer to Scripture, though the Church did call us "infidels."

Mr. Stetson wished to present another topic in the afternoon, and therefore gave way to Capt. Walker of Harwich.

Jonathan Walker said that the audience must not expect a speech from him. We was but a rough sailor, and unpractised in public speaking, but he would tell them his experience of a year past among slaveholders. In 1831 he became an abolitionist, and since then has acted on anti-slavery principles. He lived in Florida, with his family, during the five years succeeding 1836, and then left it because he would not suffer his children to grow up amidst the influences of slavery. While he hired certain slaves, whom masters allowed them to dispose of their own time, and those slaves boarded in his own house, on terms of perfect equality with his family. Some of his white neighbors strongly objected to this, and remonstrated with him against it, but he quietly pursued his own course. Some time afterwards, he went there again on business, and when he was about to return the second time, seven of the slaves who had thus worked with him and sat at his table, who were members of the church with which he communed, and whom he knew to be honest and worthy men, begged permission to try their chance of escape in his boat, which he cheerfully gave, and they set sail with him.

They experienced much bad weather, and Captain Walker was taken severely and dangerously sick. After being out fourteen days, they were seized by a Southern vessel, and taken in chains to Key West; whence a steam vessel in the United States service conveyed them to Pensacola, the port they had left. The people were highly excited and indignant against Capt. Walker, and the Court demanded \$10,000 bail for his appearance at the trial, in default of which he was cast into a loathsome dungeon, and though then in a very sick and feeble state, was confined with a large chain, and left on the damp and mouldy floor without table, bed or chair. His food was not only poor in kind, but also unwholesome, even for a man in health. He remained thus three weeks before the trial, and in that time, from the pressure and irritation of the iron ring, in which it confined him day and night, his leg swelled so as to bury this large iron completely.

He was ultimately tried on seven indictments, and sentenced to fine, imprisonment, branding with a red-hot iron, and standing one hour in the pillory. While standing in the pillory, he was struck directly on the head by a rotten egg, which one of the slaveholders threw at him. The branding-iron was then applied to his hand by a native of Maine, and he was returned to his prison cell, where he remained eleven months, and at the end of that time he was released on paying between 400 and 500 dollars, fine and costs. He arrived in New-York on the 10th of July.

Captain Walker closed his narrative with these words: I repeat not what I have done. As long as life remains in me, this hand and this voice of mine shall be raised against slavery, that shameful violation of all the rights of man and all the laws of God.

The meeting adjourned at 5 o'clock, feeling that it was good on this day to rejoice with those who rejoice, that we might more truly sympathize with those who weep, and the more heartily labor for their deliverance.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, Secretary.

WALTHAM PIC-NIC.

PIANO AT NEW BEDFORD.

NEW BEDFORD, Sept. 2, 1845.

DEAR FRIEND:

power entrusted to our hands for the good of our fellow-men; and by so doing we can civilize those semi-barbarous communities of South Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia, we shall have accomplished a great and much-needed work.

There seems required of every right-thinking and right-feeling man, the exercise of a sublime patience, to listen to what the years and centuries say to the hours and the days. The reality is contrary to the appearance. Rogues seem promoted, and honest men put down; yet the just cause prospers. The course of civilization is an endless train of felonies; yet, somehow, the ends of justice are answered, no matter to the felons. Those who hope and trust, are always proved right. Therefore, friends of liberty, enemies of slavery, go on prosper.

Rev. William H. Channing again spoke, requesting the audience to work, and fix in their minds the following important distinction:

The word Union is used in a double sense. It means both the nation and the *constitutional compact* which binds it together. If the compact is broken, we are free from the Union. But we are, therefore, taken out of the nation? No! We stand apart from each other? No!—The nation adopted the Constitution, and if that instrument be broken, the nation stands where it did before, ready to form and adopt a better. Those who break the terms of the Constitution, as the annexes of Texas have done, are the seceders and traitors; those who hold to them are the friends of the Union.

Mr. Emerson has spoken of the necessity of a sublime patience. What is the attitude of Massachusetts in declaring herself freed from a constitution, which perverted for the support of slavery? This is the exercise of a sublime patience. It is true in principle, honor and justice, rather than combinations of physical power.

After some remarks by Mr. R. B. Rogers of Chelmsford, the following lines for the occasion, by James Russell Lowell, were read to the meeting. It was originally designed that they should be sung by the Hutchinsons, but those friends were engaged at a similar festival in their own State.

L I N E S .

Let others strive for fame and gold,  
And make God's earth and air and sea  
Their own mean prison, dark and cold,—  
We only toil to set men free.

1.

Men make themselves the serfs of self,  
And feed the worms of living graves;  
But 'tis the ugly demon self—  
That helps us make our brothers slaves.

2.

One chain the politician wears,  
The priest another, forged full strong;  
But he the heaviest fetter bears,  
Who doth a human being wrong.

3.

Woe fair would break the bands of all,  
Making both slave and tyrant free,  
And carving on each dungeon's wall,  
That brotherhood is liberty.

4.

Tears rust some bitter gyves in twain,  
Fear makes some conquests for the right,  
Force breaks some chains, but soon again  
The sunken links more firmly unite.

5.

But God hath given to us a charm,  
Whereby all fetters melt like snow,—  
Love needs but touch th' oppressor's arm,  
And straight he lets the captive go.

Further remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Simmons, of Waltham, and by Messrs. Jones and Toliver of Boston, after which Mr. Bowers, of Concord, Mass., moved that a committee of seven be appointed to make arrangements for a great Anti-Slavery Convention, to be held in Concord on the 3d Wednesday in August. This motion was chosen, (we have unfortunately lost their names,) and a large and enthusiastic meeting may be expected at that time and place. After the performance of this business, and the various associations, the meeting adjourned, and the audience separated for their respective homes.

Not a single incident occurred to mar the harmony and interest of the occasion. The earnest attention and the frequent hearty applauses of the audience showed their interest in the remarks of the speakers; and this interest was occasionally varied by the singing, without previous concert or preparation, of some of the best known anti-slavery songs. It was an occasion well suited to give us pleasant recollections of the past, and bright hopes for the future.

C. K. W.

PIANO AT DANVERS.

The assembly convened at 10, A. M., and organized by the choice of John A. Innes, of Salem, as President; Wm. Endicott and Alfred R. Porter, Secretaries.

A song, written for the occasion, was sung, and prayer offered by the Rev. Mr. Eaton, of Salem. J. C. Cluer delivered a highly animated and interesting address. He was followed by Messrs. Spear, Barbour, Trask, Wait, and Harriman; and, after singing a song written for the occasion, the company adjourned one hour for recreation and refreshment.

[One of these songs, written by Mr. A. R. Porter, was published in last week's Liberator. Another was as follows:]

SONG.

TUNE—Old Dan Tucker.  
Our Fathers fought on Bunker's Hill  
For liberty and independence,  
And Freedom's fires are glowing still,  
Deep in the souls of their descendants.

Rouse up the flame—rouse up the flame—  
Rouse up the flame, throughout the nation,  
Death to slavery and oppression!

The glorious victories they won,  
Shall perish from our memories never,  
And Yorktown, Concord, Bennington,  
Our History's page shall live forever.

Rouse up the flame—rouse up the flame—  
Rouse up the flame, throughout the nation,  
Death to slavery and oppression!

Confusion to those recreant sons,  
An Arnold's fame they richly merit,  
The Pickenses and Athertons.

Who sell the birthright they inherit!  
Shame on the men—shame on the men—  
Shame on the men, throughout the nation,  
Death to base to foul oppression!

How long shall pampers priests for hire  
The Gospel precepts dare to libel,  
On Freedom's altar quench the fire,  
With texts misquoted from the Bible?

Send up the cry—send up the cry—  
Send up the cry throughout the nation,  
God abhors the foul oppression!

The host of Slavery! See, it comes  
With gory scourges, clanking fettters,  
And Northern vile dough-faced abettors!

Stand to your arms—stand to your arms—  
Stand to your arms, throughout the nation—  
Hurl the tyrants from their station!

Then to the earth's remotest clime,  
The voice of Fame shall wait the story,  
That Freedom is the nation's glory.

Send up the shout—send up the shout—  
Let distant lands repeat the story—  
Freedom is the nation's glory!

The following manly and encouraging letter was read from the Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, of Salem:

SALEM, July 30, 1845.  
Sir.—I shall not be able to attend the celebration of the anniversary of West India Emancipation, which you have done me the honor to invite me. I

regard with deep interest the direct and indirect objects of the celebration; and I desire you and your friends, who may be present, and who may regret my absence, to be assured I am not and cannot be indifferent to the purpose which you and they have at heart. I cannot wait long for another occasion to perform my humble share of duty to the great cause, whose claims I shall henceforth consider paramount to all others of a political nature which can address themselves to the judgment and consideration of an American citizen.

Yours, respectfully,  
S. C. PHILLIPS.

A letter was also read from Jonathan Walker.

AFTERNOON. The company met at half past 1, P. M., and commenced by singing an original song.

Dr. Walter Channing of Boston, addressed the assembly, and moved the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That in honor and gratitude to the Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, for his direct agency in breaking down the partition wall between the white and the colored child, this assembly, convened to celebrate the British Emancipation of Slavery, offer to him our hearty thanks, in the fullest faith in his sincerity to the cause of anti-slavery; earnestly calling upon him to continue his noble efforts in this great cause.

The entire afternoon was occupied by thrilling and animated speeches on the various relations which slavery bears to the State, the Church, and to the social fabric; in which Cluer, Spear, Trask, Moody, Endicott, Putnam, Harriman, Burchill, Seaward, Merritt, Prince, Swett, Burton, and others, participated, and availed themselves of the unrestrained freedom of the anti-slavery platform. These were interspersed with songs, toasts and sentiments, and the interest never flagged until a late hour, when the assembly voted unanimously to adjourn to 1st of August, 1846.

W. M. ENDICOTT, } *Secretary.*  
A. R. PORTER, } *Secretary.*

REMARKS. In many respects, this was a most glorious meeting for old Essex. The beautiful weather of this lovely day added to the delight which we all felt to see so many of the old anti-slavery faces, and the thrilling and glowing associations which clustered around this great day seemed to fill every anti-slavery heart with gladness. The discriminating truths which were poured out from a free platform, gave assurance that the lamentable ignorance and prejudice which pervade the public mind in regard to British Emancipation, must sooner or later be scattered before the eyes of all.

Slavery is falling! A few more years, and we shall sing the song of jubilee in our own country.

We must try to encourage one another. Let us buckle on the armor anew, and give one mortal blow, and freedom is ours.

THINE for the oppressed, R.

[The following account of the celebration at Leicester we find in the Worcester Spy.]

FIRST OF AUGUST IN LEICESTER.

MR. EDITOR:

The eleventh anniversary of Emancipation in the British West Indies was not forgotten in Leicester. A day which brought deliverance from the worst of earthly despotism to eight hundred thousand human beings was, we hope, remembered by every friend of universal liberty everywhere. Our calendar has room for many more such days of jubilee. Our memories would not be overtaxed if they could be numbered by tens instead of units. Be the future what it may, we cannot be otherwise than devoutly thankful that such a day, with its instructive and blessed teachings, has a place in the world's history. That these lessons may have their fit influence, may it ever be kept as a day sacred to freedom, until slavery shall have passed from the earth!

The exercises Leicester began at 11 o'clock, in the Unitarian church. After reading of selections from the Scriptures by Rev. Mr. May, and a prayer by Mr. Whitney, short addresses were made by Rev. A. Ballou, of Milford, Mr. Henry, of Northampton, and Wendell Phillips, of Boston, which occupied the time until a few minutes past twelve.

The congregation then adjourned to the Town Hall, where bountiful and rich provision had been made for the reception by the ladies of Leicester, aided by others not of Leicester. A blessing was asked by Rev. Mr. Peck, of Grafton. During the repast, we were much cheered and delighted with several anti-slavery songs which were sung by Mr. J. Lincoln and daughters, of Northboro'.

The exercises were enlivened by several expressive songs of freedom, most beautifully sung by a juvenile choir, under the direction of Miss Frances Allen.

After a benediction by Rev. Mr. Vanderbilte, the procession resumed its line of march to the church in Belknap street, in the vicinity of which an entertainment had been provided for the children. The whole company then separated, after six shots for freedom, that made the welkin ring.

The observances of the day were brought to a close by a Levee in the evening, at the Tremont Chapel, at which near three hundred individuals were present.

Boston, August 5th, 1845.

N.

From the New-York Tribune.

HYMN FOR EMANCIPATION.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

Slavery was abolished in the British West Indies August 1st, 1834; and, in all the islands except Antigua and the Bermudas, where Immediate Emancipation was wisely preferred by the local Legislatures, was succeeded by a system of apprenticeship, which worked so badly that, on the 1st of August, 1838, the blessings of entire freedom were substituted in its place.

The exercises were enlivened by several expressive songs of freedom, most beautifully sung by a juvenile choir, under the direction of Miss Frances Allen.

After a benediction by Rev. Mr. Vanderbilte, the procession resumed its line of march to the church in Belknap street, in the vicinity of which an entertainment had been provided for the children. The whole company then separated, after six shots for freedom, that made the welkin ring.

The observances of the day were brought to a close by a Levee in the evening, at the Tremont Chapel, at which near three hundred individuals were present.

Boston, August 5th, 1845.

N.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, General Agent.

## ERATOR.

ing of several Societies, and some three hundred pupils of the different Sabbath schools. At the appointed time, the body, under escort of the New-England Freedom Association, and accompanied by Baldwin's excellent Band, proceeded through various streets en route to the Tremont Temple. Among the many appropriate banners, the following commanded special attention:

LETTER FROM JONATHAN WALKER.

BOSTON, Aug. 4, 1845.

FRIEND WM. LLOYD GARRISON:

While on my way home from Pensacola, by the way of New-York, I unintentionally was brought to your city, where I remained but a few hours, however. While there, I was solicited to meet the friends of the oppressed at Waltham, on the 1st of August, in commemoration of British West India Emancipation; and a few days after, I received a number of pressing invitations from different places, to be present on that day. But as I could be in but one place at one time, it seemed proper to comply with the first invitation, and I was greeted at Waltham by many warm-hearted friends. The collection of people was large, and in a beautiful grove, a number of speeches were made, and attentively listened to, and the day passed pleasantly, and I hope profitably, for the cause of humanity.

I was then earnestly requested to meet the anti-slavery friends of Chelsea, on the evening of the 3d instant, and at 6, P. M., on that day, L. Moody and myself were conducted to the Haskells' Hall, which was soon filled, and many went away, not being able to get in. The meeting was opened by prayer, led by friend Barnes; after which, I related some of my last year's experience, and was followed by several able speakers, who were listened to with the greatest possible attention, and a kind, good feeling pervaded the whole audience. A collection for my benefit was taken, which amounted to \$11, for which the donors have my hearty thanks.

Rev. J. C. Beman addressed the meeting, and after referring to many interesting facts in the history of British emancipation, he alluded to the services rendered the nation in perilous times by the fathers of several among the audience, while the sons received an equivalent, prostration and reproach.

Joel F. Bishop, Esq., directed attention to the many favorable aspects of the cause, at home and abroad; and refreshed the memory of his hearers by an eloquent allusion to the scenes enacted in Boston, during the *Latimer war*—concluding his remarks by an urgent appeal to the colored citizens to improve every opportunity to elevate among themselves the standard of morality.

Rev. J. C. Beman addressed the meeting, and after referring to many interesting facts in the history of British emancipation, he alluded to the services rendered the nation in perilous times by the fathers of several among the audience, while the sons received an equivalent, prostration and reproach.

Joel F. Bishop, Esq., directed attention to the many favorable aspects of the cause, at home and abroad; and refreshed the memory of his hearers by an eloquent allusion to the scenes enacted in Boston, during the *Latimer war*—concluding his remarks by an urgent appeal to the colored citizens to improve every opportunity to elevate among themselves the standard of morality.

Rev. J. C. Beman addressed the meeting, and after referring to many interesting facts in the history of British emancipation, he alluded to the services rendered the nation in perilous times by the fathers of several among the audience, while the sons received an equivalent, prostration and reproach.

Joel F. Bishop, Esq., directed attention to the many favorable aspects of the cause, at home and abroad; and refreshed the memory of his hearers by an eloquent allusion to the scenes enacted in Boston, during the *Latimer war*—concluding his remarks by an urgent appeal to the colored citizens to improve every opportunity to elevate among themselves the standard of morality.

Rev. J. C. Beman addressed the meeting, and after referring to many interesting facts in the history of British emancipation, he alluded to the services rendered the nation in perilous times by the fathers of several among the audience, while the sons received an equivalent, prostration and reproach.

Joel F. Bishop, Esq., directed attention to the many favorable aspects of the cause, at home and abroad; and refreshed the memory of his hearers by an eloquent allusion to the scenes enacted in Boston, during the *Latimer war*—concluding his remarks by an urgent appeal to the colored citizens to improve every opportunity to elevate among themselves the standard of morality.

Rev. J. C. Beman addressed the meeting, and after referring to many interesting facts in the history of British emancipation, he alluded to the services rendered the nation in perilous times by the fathers of several among the audience, while the sons received an equivalent, prostration and reproach.

Joel F. Bishop, Esq., directed attention to the many favorable aspects of the cause, at home and abroad; and refreshed the memory of his hearers by an eloquent allusion to the scenes enacted in Boston, during the *Latimer war*—concluding his remarks by an urgent appeal to the colored citizens to improve every opportunity to elevate among themselves the standard of morality.

Rev. J. C. Beman addressed the meeting, and after referring to many interesting facts in the history of British emancipation, he alluded to the services rendered the nation in perilous times by the fathers of several among the audience, while the sons received an equivalent, prostration and reproach.

Joel F. Bishop, Esq., directed attention to the many favorable aspects of the cause, at home and abroad; and refreshed the memory of his hearers by an eloquent allusion to the scenes enacted in Boston, during the *Latimer war*—concluding his remarks by an urgent appeal to the colored citizens to improve every opportunity to elevate among themselves the standard of morality.

Rev. J. C. Beman addressed the meeting, and after referring to many interesting facts in the history of British emancipation, he alluded to the services rendered the nation in perilous times by the fathers of several among the audience, while the sons received an equivalent, prostration and reproach.

Joel F. Bishop, Esq., directed attention to the many favorable aspects of the cause, at home and abroad; and refreshed the memory of his hearers by an eloquent allusion to the scenes enacted in Boston, during the *Latimer war*—concluding his remarks by an urgent appeal to the colored citizens to improve every opportunity to elevate among themselves the standard of morality.

Rev. J. C. Beman addressed the meeting, and after referring to many interesting facts in the history of British emancipation, he alluded to the services rendered the nation in perilous times by the fathers of several among the audience, while the sons received an equivalent, prostration and reproach.

Joel F. Bishop, Esq., directed attention to the many favorable aspects of the cause, at home and abroad; and refreshed the memory of his hearers by an eloquent allusion to the scenes enacted in Boston, during the *Latimer war*—concluding his remarks by an urgent appeal to the colored citizens to improve every opportunity to elevate among themselves the standard of morality.

## POETRY.

For the Liberator.  
ON THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS—A LAMENT.

Lament, lament for thy native land,  
O! my sad soul!—Let thy sighs ascend—  
Taught of Heaven to understand—  
How wide the ruin to which we tend!—  
They have done the deed—they have sealed our fate!

The glory, the crown, has departed quite;  
And the palmy growth of our free state  
Has sunk beneath Oppression's blight!

Texas, the spot where tyrants dwell—

Where the slave knew not an unending doom—  
Where nature is heaven, and man is hell—

And demons revel on Eden's bloom—

Where the slave-driver's lash awakes the cries

That fill the balmy and fragrant air,

And amidst God's love and beauty arise

The unpitied groanings of man's despair;

Texas, the home of the riotous white,

Where the soul of the slave unto death is vexed,

Is now, through the Southron's evil might,

To my own, my fatherland annexed!—

The 'Vale of Decision,' O may it prove!

Multitudes, multitudes there may there be;

And Jehovah awakes a vengeful love,

And that is the field of His victory.

'Even so, Lord Jesus! Amen! Amen!'

Just where Oppression hath done her worst,

In the hour of her triumph and feast, O then

Let the vengeful thunders upon her burst!

Let her towers fall, though thousands rally;

Let the cleansing storm of wrath be poured,

Until through the depths of that fertile valley,

Is Freedom, and Holiness unto the Lord.'

S. L. L.

From Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

## TAKE OFF THE CHAINS!

DEPONTE TO THE SOUTH.

Take off the chains! take off the chains!  
Are they not men whom ye have bound?

Whose warm blood drips along your plains,

And sinks like water in the ground?

Take off the chains! and let them stand

Erect and manly, blest and free;

And then upon this guilty land,

The sheen of heaven again shall be!

Take off the chains! take off the chains!

What though they're weak, and ye are strong?

An upright, generous heart abhors

To make the helpless suffer wrong!

Off with them, then, and raise the cry

Of joy along this Western shore,—

With Truth's glad banner streaming high,—

That man shall be enslaved no more!

Take off the chains! take off the chains!

Color no more regard as crime!

Up! in God's name! whose will ordains

Freedom to every man and climate!

Oppression and injustice scorn,

The fruits of power, and lust, and pride—

Are they not brethren—equal born?

For them hath not a Saviour died?

Take off the chains! take off the chains!

Like honest men, with noble seal:

Resign your gold, oppression's gains,

At fearful cost of others' wealth!

Upraise them from the dust, to share

The benefits of liberty,

From the winds, the sweeping air,

As God designed that they should be.

Take off the chains! take off the chains!

And ye shall win a just reward!

Perchance for the stains

Gained by injustice, mammon, fraud!

Can it be well, can it be wise,

In them who must account to God,

To fitter heirs of paradise,

The purchased with a Saviour's blood?

Take off the chains! take off the chains!

This, honor, peace and love demand;

Religion, from her sacred fane,

The just heart sends o'er the land—

Take off the chain! the eagle eyes

Of all the world are watching us!

Up! to the rescue, Christians! Rise,

And rend yourselves of Slavery's curse!

Dedham, Mass.

PHAROS.

From the Christian Citizen.

## SLAVERY, AND ITS SCRIPTURE DEFENDERS.

Oh, God! unsell my ears, unclose my eyes,

The depth of this sad mystery to see,

Why on earth's soil Thy trodden creature lies,

Toil and suffering for the proud and free,

In helpless, hopeless, hard captivity?

A soul, that with Immortal Being links,

Crushed, in its poor frame's abject misery!

Or, happiest, happy like the worm that shrinks

Beneath the passer's foot, and hides in earth and sinks!

Father! Thou just and Good! and can it be?

One heart should read Thy Gospel so amiss,

That of thy Holy Will in mockery,

A paus-word from its page is asked for THIS?

Blind, and in love with dark unrighteousness,

Sophists!—to God and man alike untrue,

O'er whom good angel weep!—can ye be His,

Who make His truth a lie?—Yet even for you

Merey, perchance, shall plead—they know not what

they do!

Salem, N. J.

A. W. M.

From the Baltimore Saturday Visitor.

## SONNET TO AUGUST.

With lingering kiss, the drowsy Lord of Light,

Like Antony, when to the Egyptian Queen

He bade farewell, hangs on the cheek of Night

Within her chamber of the deep! I ween,

He'll hasten thither too at evening hour,

Leaving gray Twilight as his deputy,

To keep the eyes of every flower

That weep the Day's decline so soon to see!

Or is't that Sol at this young Bacchus' birth,

Drinks of the juicy grape, and elate

Hurries to Tethys' watery couch from Earth

To hide himself?—he rises now so late,

With face all flushed, that e'en cold Diana's orb

Seems something of the red grape to absorb!

From the New Bedford Mercury.

## A PARODY.

A life on the ocean wave!

A home on the rolling deep!

' Fried nations' three times a day,

And a leaky old berth for sleep,

Where the grey-beard cookroom roams,

On kindly thoughts intent;

And the raving bed-bug comes

The way that the cockroach went!

A life on the ocean wave!

A home on the rolling deep!

Where Jack can devour 'salt-junk,'

And the dainties the skippers keep

Wet jackets night and day;

A visit from the fleas at night;

The hundred and nineteenth day,

A gale—and the breakers in sight!

## REFORMATORY.

## WORSHIP—THE SANCTUARY.

COLOUSE, (Oswego Co., N. Y.)

7th mo. 26th, 1845.

FRIEND GARRISON:

Some years since, some of the members of the Baptist Church at Colouse sent me a tract published by the American Tract Society, and I wrote the following answer to it. Several persons have been anxious to obtain a copy of it. Should it suit your convenience, please to publish it in the Liberator, and oblige yours respectfully,

ALFRED WELLS.

DEAR FRIENDS OF COLOUSE:

Dear Friends and Neighbors—I thank you for being so kind as to leave a tract at my house, and wish to say a word to you respecting the tract No. 2230, and called the *sanctuary*.

On the first page is represented a splendid place of worship, with nine elegant columns in front to support a porch, and with nearly twenty turrets or ornaments on the top, with steeple and bell. Such edifices cost in the city from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars, and the gaudier work alone of some cost twenty thousand. St. Paul's in London cost one million sterling and upwards, and must have been equal to the price of clearing some hundreds of thousands of acres of land. But I will proceed to an examination of the tract itself.

The writer calls this building the *sanctuary*. In the Jewish dispensation, they had an outward *sanctuary*; but in the Christian dispensation, there is no outward *sanctuary*, but the true *sanctuary* is in us, which the Lord pitched, and not man. (See Heb. viii. 2.) Those therefore who will have it that the *sanctuary* is outward may turn Jews, Turks, Hindoos, or Mahomedans, but Christians in that they cannot be.

The writer says this is the place where God's honor dwelteth. This, according to the Bible, is not true, for it is said in Acts vii. 45. "He dwelteth not in temples made with hands," but of the wicked it is said, "they rejoice in the works of their own hands."

He says, this is a place of united prayer. This is not true; the prayers are generally made by the priest. It is only a few weeks ago that I was pulled out of their *sanctuary* (so called) at Oswego, for no other reason in the world, except that I attempted to pray with them; and by the direction of the priest himself, the deacon pulled me out.

He says, this is the radiant point of sanctifying truth. This is not true. To act radiantly means to emit rays, and we know that the wood and mortar of the building emit no rays at all. Christ is the radiant point; from Him we have light and life, and his kingdom is within us.

He says, this is the instruction of the *sanctuary* forms public sentiment. True; but how often has that "instruction" been wrong! The martyrs have been put to death in Jewish, Pagan and Christian countries, and have been tortured through the influence of their *sanctuaries*. We may with safety predict, that if America ever loses its liberties, it will be for want of a sufficiency of free meetings, and through the influence of their *sanctuaries*. These are the two powers that lead us to liberty or slavery. These may be considered as the primary causes, and the press, schools, courts of law, &c. are but as so many secondary causes.

The writer says, "it sustains all the other civilized and healthful institutions." This surely is not true, for in those countries where they have the greatest regard for splendid places of worship, the liberty of the press, trial by jury, right of suffrage, and general education, are almost entirely destroyed. This is the instruction of the *sanctuary* forms public sentiment. True; but how often has that "instruction" been wrong! The martyrs have been put to death in Jewish, Pagan and Christian countries, and have been tortured through the influence of their *sanctuaries*. We may with safety predict, that if America ever loses its liberties, it will be for want of a sufficiency of free meetings, and through the influence of their *sanctuaries*. These are the two powers that lead us to liberty or slavery. These may be considered as the primary causes, and the press, schools, courts of law, &c. are but as so many secondary causes.

The writer says, "it sustains all the other civilized and healthful institutions." This surely is not true, for in those countries where they have the greatest regard for splendid places of worship, the liberty of the press, trial by jury, right of suffrage, and general education, are almost entirely destroyed. This is the instruction of the *sanctuary* forms public sentiment. True; but how often has that "instruction" been wrong! The martyrs have been put to death in Jewish, Pagan and Christian countries, and have been tortured through the influence of their *sanctuaries*. We may with safety predict, that if America ever loses its liberties, it will be for want of a sufficiency of free meetings, and through the influence of their *sanctuaries*. These are the two powers that lead us to liberty or slavery. These may be considered as the primary causes, and the press, schools, courts of law, &c. are but as so many secondary causes.

The writer says, that with the "sanctuary" and its "sanctified" are identified the ministry of conciliation. Pray, do the apostles know anything about a written creed, or have bells, and were they not ministers of reconciliation? Of the outward temple, Christ told the Jews that they had made it a den of thieves.

He says, those who do not support the temple have a "coarseness of attire." So much the better; a fine attire has ruined millions, but few have been injured by a plain attire.

6th. He says that the outward "sanctuary" is favorable to revivals of religion. This is not true. Splendid places of worship have suppressed religious liberty very generally, and without liberty, religion cannot flourish. In